

## On the Market 32 Years. A Wonderful Remedy.

"Seven Bars" was discovered and formulated thirty-three years ago by the once celebrated physician and chemist, Dr. Franz Gauswein, of Weinbaden, Germany. The curative properties of "Seven Bars" are extracted from the bark of a specially grown species of the Hydrangea plant, the bark of which, as botanists will tell you, grows in seven layers, each of different color and each possessing a distinctive medicinal value. It is the only plant known from which is extracted Providence-given elements, which in combination produce a single panacea that is a sovereign remedy for most all ailments and diseases of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Kidneys and Nerves. It is sold by over twenty thousand druggists in this United States alone, on a positive guarantee of absolute satisfaction or get your money back. Mrs. Mary Kittle, Kingsville, W. Va., says: "I have been using 'Seven Bars' for Heart Trouble, Dyspepsia and Indigestion and find it does me more good than anything I can get."

Mrs. S. L. Kearney, of Cleveland, Miss., writes:—"Seven Bars" has been a standby in my family for many years. Mr. Conrad Stagle, Burrows, Ind., says: "For a long time I was in a bad fix with my back and kidneys and other troubles. I tried many doctors and various medicines and got no relief, but since I have been taking 'Seven Bars' I feel like a different man."

One thing we must not forget to say, "Seven Bars" is not a lightning remedy. It doesn't rush things. It works slowly and thoroughly. But it will do its duty. Follow the directions and "Seven Bars" will satisfy your confidence in it.

**Red Cross Pharmacy,**  
140 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

### PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

While other great works of reform are going on it should not be unnoticed among the rest that Brooklyn is expurgating her library. And when one comes to think of it, reform could not start in a better or more significant place—Baltimore American.

A determination to withdraw trashy and morally objectionable books from public library circulation can be safely arrived at in Brooklyn. A similar determination in Boston would stir up every pert paragrapher from Portland to Portland.—Boston Transcript.

### Ancient Peacocks.

In Athens 400 years before Christ a pair of peacocks was valued at 1,000 drachms, or about \$150.

### The Boar's Head.

In the days of the commonwealth Christmas was threatened with extinction. Parliament failed to put down Christmas, but the boar's head never recovered its old supremacy at the table.

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

### THE KISS ...OF LIFE

(Original.)

The members of the household stood about my bed waiting for my death. Not brothers, sisters, father, mother, for these were all dead. My aunt stood at the foot of the bed. My cousin Eugenia, to whom I was engaged to be married, sat weeping near a window, her face buried in her handkerchief. Laura, whom my mother had left to my care when a little girl of but ten years old and for whom I had provided ever since, stood in the background, crowded away from the bed by the others, and I could not see her face. Laura was now twenty and by my death would be left without a home or support. I had provided for her, but had not been fully satisfied with the new will in which I had made the provision and had kept it locked where it would not be found. The old will left everything to Eugenia.

The doctor came and put his hand on my heart and after leaving it there a few minutes said in a softly modulated voice:

"It is all over."

My cousin Tom turned and with bowed head walked out of the room, slowly at first, but more rapidly as he neared the door, and I could hear him going downstairs with a springy step. Eugenia rose and cast a frightened glance my way. I expected to see in her face indications of a blighted life. I was astonished to discover a look of relief. Aunt Whitford went to her, put her arm around her, Eugenia's head fell on her mother's shoulder, and they passed out of the chamber.

One by one those who had been with me in my last moments left me. Laura stood by a window with her back to me. She waited till the last person had departed, then turned. On her face was genuine grief. She had concealed it in presence of the others, but now that they were gone she gave full vent to it. Coming to me, she knelt by my bed, put her face down into my hands and sobbed as if her heart would break. But hearing a step without she rose, brushed away her tears and began to busy herself about the room, gliding noiselessly here and there while the doctor, who had forgotten his satchel, came in, put away his medical paraphernalia and went away.

Was I dead?

I didn't believe I was. I had often heard of the comatose condition in which a person may linger for a long while and concluded that mine was such a case. I was certainly paralyzed. Had I been propped up with pillows I should not have seen what I did.

During the night I heard a faint

## IN DEATH'S SHADOW

### Louise Michel's Impressions of a Wonderful Experience

### MORE ANXIETY THAN PAIN

Late French Communist Said Her Senses  
Were Transformed — The  
World Seemed So  
Small.

A remarkable experience of the late Louise Michel, the French communist, is thus described by herself in the London News:

In all probability each of us experiences when dying certain sensations which in the main agree, what difference there is being in minor details.

Last February I undertook a long lecturing tour with my friend Girault. The tour included about thirty towns in France, Corsica and Algeria. Crossing from England, the first lectures were given in Calais, Roubaix, Tournai and Liencourt. In the last named town I struggled against influenza, which seized me after a severe blizzard. At Troyes, where I spent a few days, the doctor and my friends protested against my proceeding to Chaumont, where I was to deliver my next lecture. I did not want to act contrary to their advice, and yet I felt that my will would be weakened by yielding to their wishes. Will is like the steel of a sword—it can be bent too much. I thought that by going to Chaumont I might be cured, for it was there that I studied, and Chaumont and Saris were the only towns I knew prior to my going to Caledonia.

On reaching Toulon I imagined I had conquered my illness, and it was with that conviction that I lectured, but on returning to the Hotel Terminus, where I intended resting for a day or two, I felt exhausted, and it was found that the influenza had developed into congestion of the lungs.

I rapidly sank into a condition that is best described in the expression "la guenille humaine"—the human race.

I laughed in a distant chamber. I recognized it at once, for I had long loved it. It was Eugenia's laugh. I heard a sob in the hall, and in a few moments Laura came in. Softly approaching the bed, she stood looking down at me.

Presently she seemed to notice something in my face—probably a life-like tinge. At any rate, she touched my cheek. She appeared to be disappointed and took her hand away, but not before it had stirred my dormant pulse. Then she bent down and imprinted a kiss upon my lips.

That kiss was like new fuel to a flickering fire. I could feel my heart begin to beat—slowly at first, but quickening every moment. Laura must have noticed the change, for she hastened out of the room, and presently my aunt and my cousin Tom came hurrying in and looked at me.

"Nonsense!" said Tom, but with a look full of fear that I might live.

"It's that stupid Laura's fancy," said my aunt.

I hoped to hear more, but after a hasty glance they left the room. Laura came back and stood peering down into my face. I gave a faint sigh. Quick as a flash she put her hand to my heart and felt it beating. Seizing my hand, she clasped it spasmodically, then ran to the door and called over the banister.

"Get the doctor, quick!"

When the doctor came the sun was shining in at my window, and there is nothing more exciting than his rays. Laura had started life anew; the sun gave it strength. The doctor declared that I still lived, but after deliberation decided not to give me any remedy, though he ordered a tank of oxygen for me to breathe. The household again gathered in the room, my fiancée approaching me with a partly concealed dread or disappointment in her face. They crowded about my bed, and Laura, as before, was crowded out. Then, when sure I lived, they went away again.

The time came when I was perfectly recovered. I broke my engagement with Eugenia and turned the rest of them out of the house. When they were all gone I sent for Laura. She came into my study wondering. I had two wills in my hand. I gave her one to read. It left all my possessions to my late fiancée. When Laura had read it, I handed her the other, executed that morning. It left everything to her.

"What does this mean?" she asked, a color mounting to her cheek. "Why am I to have all this property?"

"You won't it?"

"How?"

"By a kiss."

"What kiss?" The color in her cheeks deepened.

"The kiss that restored me to life."

She turned away, but I went up behind her and, drawing her face around, kissed her.

"You gave me life; I give you fortune. If you will take me with it, it is yours now."

T. ADOLPH SAUNDERS.

## After the Siege Is Over

and you have been cured  
of your cough or cold by  
Hale's Honey of Hore-  
hound and Tar, there are  
no unpleasant after-  
effects. This old-time  
remedy is effectual and  
harmless.

Ask your druggist.

Pike's Toothache Drops  
Cure in One Minute.

## AYMY SUPPLIES IN THE CAMP

### Shopping Methods of Russian Officers at Mukden

### APPOINT SOLDIERS TO BUY

Twenty-seven Car Loads With Sup-  
plies from Harbin Soon Sur-  
rounded by Officers and  
Privates.

"Twenty-seven cars just in from Harbin."

That was the joyful message that recently traveled by word of mouth all over Mukden and up and down the Sha river on the north bank, says Richard H. Little, special correspondent of the Chicago News in Manchuria. Officers came posting into town from every direction. The twenty-seven cars were loaded with all sorts of supplies for the Economical society, the organization which furnishes rations and articles of equipment and wearing apparel to the Russian officers in the field.

The depot of the society is on the tracks at the Russian settlement at Mukden in the very cars that bring down the supplies. We mounted and rode down in haste.

A crowd of over a thousand officers, soldiers and Chinese surrounded the cars. The customers for each car formed a long, snaky line that curved and twisted around through the crowd and away to its outer edge. Soldiers commissioned to buy for officers or holding places in the line for officers made up the majority of the prospective customers of the cars, but many officers held their own places in the line. The provision cars and those containing the cigarettes and liquors were the most popular. The crowd surged up to the doors of these cars all day long. The doors of the railroad cars are five feet from the ground, and planks and steps have been made, on which the patient crowd ascend inch by inch and hour after hour to that proud eminence where they stand the envy of all beholders and buy and buy and buy.

As each separate article bought is handed out the purchaser passes it to his faithful soldier servants or his Chinese attaches, who are waiting behind him on either side of the line, holding up their baskets ready to be filled. Some of the officers when after long hours of waiting they finally reach the post of honor seem loath to leave it. They run through one long list, and just as the man behind thinks his turn has arrived at last the officer in front fishes out another list and begins buying all over again. When he gets through with this list he half turns away, and the man behind gives a sigh of relief and bawls out, "Twenty-five boxes of cigarettes!" but the man in front is only reaching for a third list of things he has promised to buy for his general and his colonel and his four lieutenant colonels and two doctor friends in the hospital and three captains who have a mess close to his regiment.

Then sinister whispers run down the line. My friend Dukewich translated some of the remarks made the other day when an officer who had purchased from four lists dug up the fifth. "Why don't the army purchasing agents buy their supplies in St. Petersburg?" growled a black whiskered Cossack captain.

"Sh!" whispered another in a subdued voice that couldn't be heard more than 500 yards away. "That is General Kuropatkin in disguise. He's buying six months' rations for the army."

"If he's going to buy out this train," volunteered a very cross looking Circassian, "why doesn't he say so? Then we'll go away and wait until a train comes down that he doesn't want."

The little lieutenant who was the object of all these pleasantries never batted an eye as he reached down in another pocket and brought forth a fresh list.

"Fifty tins of ham," he calmly announced.

"Cannibal!" roared somebody.

The little lieutenant smiled sweetly, while the patient line snickered. "Thirty pounds of rice," ordered the lieutenant.

"Um-huh!" said the Cossack captain. "A Japanese! I thought so. It's a Japanese trick to keep us from getting supplies."

So the muttered lament kept up until the lieutenant finished his purchases and squeezed himself out through the crowd on the side and disappeared, followed by a large retinue of Cossacks and Chinese bearing his plunder.

There are all sorts of warm clothing designed especially for bitter cold weather to be found in the Economical store. The overcoats are lined with sheep's wool and sell at the very reasonable price of 27 rubles (about \$13 gold) apiece. The favorite coat with the officers is a leather jacket that looks like the automobile coat worn in the United States. It is called "the Swedish coat" and, being lined with sheep's wool, makes a garment that is both warm and very strong for camp wear. About three out of every five officers one meets now wear these coats.

The connoisseur in boots would be filled with delight if he visited the Economical store. Boots form one of the most important items of dress to Russians, and they pay as much careful and fond attention to their boots as we do to neckties and silk hats. There are a dozen different kinds of boots in the Economical store. There are the patent leathers, dainty and snug fitting, that are greatly prized by guard officers and good dressers generally. Then there are the boots lined with felt and others with fur. Some come to the knee, and others have extensions that pull well up the leg. There are felt boots that require the addition of a low shoe or rubber when worn, and there are fur boots with the hair side outside that make the wearers look like arctic explorers.

The great black capes or "bourkas" that reach to the ground and stand out stiff and uncompromising all around are much in demand. When an officer struts grandly away in his new bourka he looks like a dowager duchess in her court robes.

Twenty-seven cars of supplies sounds pretty big, but it isn't when the number of customers is considered. First the grocery department gives up. The cars are cleaned out, and the only satisfaction given to the sadly disappointed crowd who still besiege the doors is the sight of the noncommissioned officer clerk who wags his head and says, "Ne-it, ne-it," this being Russian for "No, nay." The cigarette and bottled goods cars have sent up signals of distress early in the day, and soon they are empty and bare. Next the boot department gives up in despair. One after another of the others closes its doors or its tent flaps.

The officers who draw rein on wet and breathless horses after riding thirty or forty versts like mad in order to secure something long hoped for mutter guttural maledictions on everything in general and economical stores in particular and wend their way toward town to ransack the Chinese and Greek stores and see if they can find ought to satisfy their longing. But now, when all hope is fled and grim despair rules, a glad rumor flies about.

"Forty cars from Tieling will be in day after tomorrow!"

So that night black bread, as usual, and the stuff that Chinese call tobacco and the troubled slumber under the worn waterproof coat. Let hope live once more, for forty cars are on the way from Tieling.

## A HOME Remedy

BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF should be in every home. Fully guaranteed. Mothers can depend upon it. 25 cents. Norway Medicine Co., Norway, Me.

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